

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Why in the world more women don't study the art of articulation and learn to speak so that the average mortal can hear without being screamed at is a question which is agitating one woman's club just now to a great extent. It is a subject which most women would do well to consider, both as applied to their own tricks of speech and to the training children. As frequent a fault as a shrill voice or one that lacks the soft modulations which, like the "low voice," are "excellent things in women" is the habit of saying all your words apparently in your throat, of mumbling or of talking so rapidly—a sign of "nerves"—That it is difficult for any one to understand without asking for a repetition—a thing every one dislikes to do. If mothers and teachers alike insisted upon careful enunciation of words and sentences by children the habit of speaking distinctly would be as easily established as its reverse is hard to break.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

The girls who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, selfforgetfulness, and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better nature of others. Most of us know girls who have appealed to us this way. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the girl who perhaps never make a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency. And if there came a time or real stress when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should choose above all to go to this sweet girl, certain that we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position and difficulties and a readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take. Beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face and form and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unaffected human and does not pass away with time.

THE BEAUTY.

How changed men and women become in our eyes as we come to know them. What at first seemed ugliness passes away from the face of those whom we learn to admire; while those who first attracted us by certain physical charms become, in time, if we do not like them, quite commonplace, if not ugly. Washington Irving tells of a certain Miss Reynolds who had boasted Goldsmith as the ugliest man of her acquaintance. Shortly after the appearance of "The Traveller," Doctor Johnson read it aloud to her from beginning to end. "Well," she said, after the book was finished, "I never more shall think Doctor Goldsmith ugly." He had become transfixed in her sight through his remarkable qualities of mind. We must all come to see that only mental and spiritual beauty counts for anything in the long run. Physical beauty has its advantages, but is, as often been said, only skin-deep. Spiritual beauty, on the other hand, transfigures, in time, the physical, and does not pass away with time.

THE CHILD AT BEDTIME.

Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at nightfall he should be forgiven and sent to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her voice in his ear. Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished

at bedtime, and to carry into dreams harshness or gloom. The mother does well to be a little blind to some things and remember that much childish culpability is superficial and washes off almost as easily as the soil from hands and face in the evening bath. Children should never be allowed to carry with them in their thought the mental sufferings which too many parents seem to think an absolute necessity in the careful bringing up of children. All too soon will they have to face the world and its sorrows. Before the nursery brood is "undressed and in bed, the lights turned low and the room quieted for the night the mother or older sister can sweeten their last waking moments with stories before they embark for dreamland. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with children; while they should be taught to shun all equivocation and lying, still we need not fear to satisfy their vivid imaginations with the stories of fairyland. They early learn to find the truth wrapped up in the husk of the story.

HOW TO CLEAN OSTRICH FEATHERS.

To clean ostrich feathers make a lather of pure soap with a little ammonia in it, using about a quart of water or more if the feathers are very large. Move them to and fro gently in this, then lightly press them stem to tip between the thumb and finger and do the same in an equal amount of clear hot water. Repeat in the cold water slightly tinted with blue. Hang the feathers up to dry where there is a draft and shake at intervals. Before quite dry gently shake them before a gas stove or they can be partially dried by steam over a pan of quick boiling water and finished as directed. Comb carefully and curl any stray strands with a silver knife.

OUR PET AVERSIONS.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) "We are all born with an aversion to something, and this aversion is a thing we can no more correct than we can fly by merely beating on the atmosphere with our hands," George MacPherson informs us. "History is rich in the accounts of such instances. There is Vincent, the painter, who would faint if the odor of a rose was wafted to his nostrils, and the great German sportsman, Vaughem, would become positively ill if he ever saw a bit of roast pig. These aversions, often so entirely unaccountable, are curious things to study. I became somewhat interested in the subject a year ago, and have since that time been quietly adding to my store of information on this somewhat unusual topic by personal inquiries among my friends and acquaintances. "Not one of them did I find without his pet aversion, for the existence of which he could give no good reason. Generally the aversion was toward some kind of food, but not always. One hated the color of blue, and nothing depressed him more than being in the company of people who were, for the most part, garbed in clothes of this hue. Another couldn't listen to the music of a harp without becoming irritated, while a third detested lilies to such a degree that he couldn't remain in the room where there was one. "None of the men who had these aversions understood why they had them. One man told me he couldn't touch a drop of milk or cream without becoming sick, yet he thought nothing looked quite so appetizing as a glass of good rich cream. Often he had tried to partake of it, but without success. Parental influence will, of course, be urged as the reason for these aversions, but in the case of the man who could not touch milk or cream his mother and father were both very fond of milk, and another friend of mine who



Glady Tells About It.

STRATFORD, Ont. I am glad you have an agent in this city. I have seen several instances where Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used with great benefit. REV. E. B. KILROY, D.D. M. SUDNEY, N. S. While recovering from a broken leg, I was attacked by nervous prostration, presumably due to the shock of the fall. After twelve months I was still in the same condition, had poor appetite, could not sleep or work, not even sew or read, was troubled with melancholia. Then I began to take Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and grew steadily better. Am now in good health and spirits. My son knows that Mr. J. Cullen, of West Point was also cured by the Tonic of Vertigo, to which he was very much subject. I also learned of a little girl in Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, being cured of St. Vitus Dance by the Tonic. MRS. E. PHALEN. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free. Patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATS CHEMICAL Co., LTD., MONTREAL.

could not eat a strawberry, had parents who simply loved them."

VOCATIONS IN LIFE.

Father Faber tells us what even greater men have told us before—that each human being has his vocation in life. And we nearly all accept it as true, but the great difficulty is to realize it. Ruskin says that work is not a curse; but that a man must like his work, feel that he can do it well, and not have too much to do. The sum of all this means that he shall be contented in his work, and find his chief satisfaction in doing it well. It is not what we do but how we do it that makes success. The greatest enemy to the full understanding of the word vocation is the belief that it means solely acquirement of money. And the reason for this lies not in the character of the American who is no more mercenary than other people—but in the idea that wealth is within the grasp of any man who works for it. The money standard, therefore, is the standard of success. But success to the eyes of the world is not always success to the man himself. The accumulation of wealth often leaves him worn out, dissatisfied, with a feeling that he has somehow missed the best of life. That man had probably missed his vocation and done the wrong thing, in spite of the opinion outside of himself that he has succeeded.—Maurice Francis Egan.

TIMELY HINTS.

A generous lump of soda placed in pots and pans in which fish, cabbage, onions and other strong smelling foods have been cooked will thoroughly cleanse and make them smell sweet and clean. A teaspoonful of vinegar boiling on a stove will counteract the smell of strong food. A few drops of sandalwood oil dropped on a hot shovel is a delightful deodorizer. A sponge placed in a saucer of boiling hot water, in which has been added a teaspoonful of oil of lavender, gives a fragrance of violets to a room in which it is placed. Flies will not remain where the odor of oil of lavender is. A stale crust of bread boiled with cabbage will absorb the disagreeable odor. A large lump of charcoal in a refrigerator will prevent a musty smell. A pound of coppers dissolved in boiling water if poured into drain pipes, will dissolve the grease and other impurities.

FUNNY SAYINGS

HOW HE KNEW.

A Baltimore school teacher was telling one day of how often the instructor of "the young idea" is astonished by the quickness of wit exhibited by the pupil who is otherwise deficient. One day, says this teacher, she had encountered such a degree of ignorance and mental obtuseness on the part of one of her boys that she became disheartened. So it was with considerable sarcasm that she said to the youngster: "I wonder if you could tell me whether George Washington was a soldier or a sailor." The kid grinned. "He was a soldier all right," was his reply. "How do you know?" asked the weary teacher. "Because I read a picture of him crossin' the Delaware," explained the

boy. "Any sailor'd know enough not to stand up in a boat."

LITERARY REVIEW.

"A Garland of Everlasting Flowers." Mrs. Innes-Brown, who is the writer of the above named work, has given to the public an interestingly written book. She states homely facts in a pleasing way which have come directly under her notice. A perusal of the book will certainly repay. \$1 net, postage 10c. J. G. Blake, Toronto.

MIRIAM OF MAGDALA, by Miss Katherine F. Mullany, is a story dealing with the time of Christ. It is at once appealing and interesting, and the reader cannot help but feel after reading this little book, infinitely more love for the Gentle Master and more compassion for Magdalen. The uplifting influence of this work must surely tell, more so than the author ever dreamed of. Magdala Co., New York.

BISHOP LAVAL.

We have just closed a very interesting volume of the Makers of Canada series. The subject is one of the striking names in the chronicle of our country's past—Francois de Laval Montmorency, first Bishop of Quebec. Woven in with his career we find a galaxy of names of French men and women, lay and ecclesiastical, each of interest individually, but all subservient to the untiring devotion and strong character of the Apostolic Vicar. Notwithstanding the innumerable details connected with his subject, M. de Brumath has handled it in a clear and forcible manner, throwing stress on the more important names and events and taking from the monotony of mere chronological recitation by short descriptive sketches of the country and people. If there is any suggestion to be made, it is that the title might more aptly be termed, "In the Time of Laval," as the book is really more historical than biographical. It is in such garb Canadian history must be read; for though lacking nothing in romantic, stirring events, or in noble men and women as ever trod the earth, the fascination of royal purple, court display and absolute rule is ever lacking; and the history of the Government of Canada may present little more than useless quarrels and jealousies amongst the powers that be with the higher powers in France. It is only when we become familiar with the personalities of the long ago builders of our country that we hear their names with more than passing interest. There is much yet to be taught us regarding the early days of which M. de Brumath's hero is a conspicuous figure. During the most turbulent years of the colony's existence he stood fearless with a firm hand guiding and protecting the little band of scattered emigrants. Calamities, molestations, jealousies, poverty, nothing balked him. He gave of his great nature unreservedly to the infant colony, and sacrificed and withheld Louis Laval-Montmorency while fighting incessantly for the rightful prerogatives of the first Bishop of New France. As a Canadian novelist has said of one of his leading men, "His friends loved him and trusted him to the utmost; his enemies hated and feared him in equal measure; but no one, great or small, could ignore him and not feel his presence as a solid peace of manhood." Teachers will find this book a help to Canadian history classes, especially as it is of convenient size and printed in large clear type. Morang Publishing Co.



YOU SANG TO ME.

To-night it is muck and rainy, and dead leaves sigh and fall, And the poplars moan in the darkness, and gray winds plead and call. Yet I think of another evening when we walked side by side And heard but our footsteps sounding in the silence dead and wide. An acolyte violet-casocked, the twilight had withdrawn Into dusk's hushed, brown vestry, yet his white star-lamps burned on; Then you sang to me in the darkness in flute-tones low and clear, Songs sweeter than wild bees' honey, drained in glad months of the year.

Snatches of joy from Carmen and Leoncavallo's strong Prologue to "Pagliacci," and then— 'how the notes did throng!— "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," said Heine's plaint of love, And Mignon's tender story of a land where coos the dove—

Ballads of your own country where the hearts of men and maids Are pure as the white brooks singing in the dawn-glad meadow glades; But there were sobs of anguish in one sharp cry of pain, And the moon grew dark with shadow, and my eyes grew wet with rain.

You sang to me in the darkness in a voice as honey sweet, And the throb of my heart beat tempo to the rhythm of your feet; We walked apart in the shadows but, as I heard you croon, My wild soul clung to your soul as a dark cloud clings to the moon.

I forgot that in your own land they hailed you a queen of song; I forgot that in my own land I was merely one of the throng; For, as by some spell of magic, my soul arose and flew Over seas and crags to far lands by the flying soul of you.

O what radiant heights of vision I explored with you beside! O what realms of dream eternal and what valleys peopled wide! I knelt by the side of Brunhild as she sang to the evening star And, awed thro' "Il Trovatore," wept bowed in deserts far.

And the shadows filled with splendor, and the dusk boughs rayed with dawn, And rose-petals rained upon me as your odorous throat sang on, And, though the hour was midnight, I heard morning-doves out-coo, And each leaf upon the larches, trembling, dripped white honey-dew.

OUR LADY'S BOOK OF DAYS.

The Messrs. Washbourne have published two very dainty little volumes: "Our Lady's Book of Days," and "Virgo Prædicanda." The former has been compiled by the Hon. Alison Stourton, and is a mingling of tender loving sentiment for every day in the year, one might call it a rare bouquet gathered from numberless gardens. Some of the sweet thoughts are attributed to the following: Father Faber, Newman, Aubrey de Vars, St. Francis of Sales, Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Boesuet. We re-echo the words of Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., in his introductory letter: "I can testify that every word of your book is well worth reading." Price 55c. "Virgo Prædicanda" is a small booklet of verse in Our Lady's praise by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. These rondeaux, sonnets and triolets, thirty-one in number, are brief tributes to the Virgin Mother, and bear the following titles among others: Mater Dolosa, The Three Marys, In the House of John, Our Lady's Dowry, each one breathing a fervent hymn of praise and a sigh of love. Both of these little volumes are tastefully bound in blue and gold, and may be had at W. E. Blake, Toronto. Price 45c.

Now, Night like a creak is round me, and the heavens let down their rain, But, 'mid the cry of the storm-gusts, I hear your voice again; And again we walk in shadow and low in the dusk I hear A flute-soul murmuring softly to draw me O'er elsewhere. —The Academy.

HIS LOVE.

Our hearts are prone to dwell upon our crosses, Prone to look back upon life's rugged way, To grieve that tears have not restored our losses, Nor swept our woes away.

Better not dwell on trials! Better learn To look for sunbeams (for they shine somewhere), And thrusting troubles back, seek to discern Some blessings we may share.

God does not send more tears than smiles to brighten, Sunlight and shadow, on each path must fall, Then, though our burdens weary, they may lighten, Since His love orders all.

INCOMPLETENESS.

Nothing, resting in its own completeness, Can have worth or beauty; but alone, Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning, Gracious, though it be of her blue hours; But is hidden in her tender leaning Towards the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair, because her mists fade slowly Into day, which floods the world with light; Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy, Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth Toward a truer, deeper life above. Human love is sweetest when it leadeeth To a more divine and perfect love. —Adelaide A. Proctor.

ENTHUSIASMO MOTHERS.

When mothers become enthusiastic over a medicine for little ones, it is safe to say that it has high merit. Every mother who has used Baby's Own Tablets speaks strongly in praise of them, and tells every other mother how much good they have done her children. Mrs. Alfred Marcouse, St. Charles, Que., says: "I strongly advise every mother to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house always. I have used them for teething troubles, colic, and other ills of childhood and found them the most satisfactory medicine I ever tried." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no poisonous opiate and no harmful drug. They are equally good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and are a sure cure for all their minor ailments. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SAILOR'S KINDLY PRAYER.

A pious man was in the crew of an ironclad. This man had been told one evening that in all probability the next day would witness a great battle. When he prayed that night he put special stress upon the plea that the vessel upon which he and his comrades were serving might escape disaster, saying among other things: "O Lord, shield us from the shells and other projectiles of the enemy, but if any shells and solid shot do come to our vessel, I pray that they may be distributed as prize money is distributed—mostly among the officers."



OUR PUZZLES.

Rules for Puzzles.

Only girls and subscribers to the compete. Only boys and girls past passed their fo can compete. Only answers which have been able to selves may be sent. Answers to be ink, on one side of Answers to be n Answers to be f morning ten days are published, add Aunt Beeky Puzzle True Wit

No paper which with every rule ca all.

This Week

1. RIDDLER- My first is in vine My second is in field My third is in foot My fourth is in gl sad. My fifth is in pen. My sixth is in tea My whole is a flow you'll see And pray when yo it to me.

2. NUMERICAL

I consist of 13 the name of a g 12, 3, 4, is a fruit province of Asia; member of the Ho 10 is the juice of f 5 is a gem of the

3. METAPHORICAL

I am a river; ch I am to speak; a flower; again, and I am again, and I am ter; again, and I and I am a grass; a bird; again, ar again, and I am and I am a path.

4. GEOGRAPHICAL

My initials form country in Europe 1. A country near 2. A division of 3. The county t counties of England 4. A division of 5. Capital of on countries. 6. A country of 7. A town in th 8. A country of

5. BURIED

1. Look for th you may find it. 2. Don't you her how they ring. 3. How are you hearty as ever, ch 4. Jane had doe den. 5. I picked up 6. So Leinster

6. DIAMONDS

A consonant. Something used A fluid. A fish. A consonant. 7. BEHEAD I am that whic things; ahead m ful grain; ahead a cold and wet s

8. HIDDEN

I never go out I am too tired

Advertisement for LUBY'S PARIBIAN HAIR RENEW. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARIBIAN HAIR RENEW should be used as a hair dressing when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful glow and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE. For sale by all chemists.

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc. It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Broad, the well-known Galt gardener, writes: "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found myself cured. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents."